## WORLD

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24.

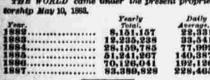
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

#### THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year. 228.465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED: THE WORLD came under the present proprie orange May 10, 1868.

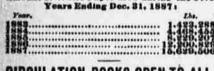


#### Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The unday World during 1884 was

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 284,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 Amount of White Paper used during the Five



#### CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

A NOTABLE SUCCESS.

The sale of THE EVENING WORLD Vesterday reached the splendid total of 149,680

THE EVENING WORLD alone had instantaneous news of the execution of Daiscoll. It was first on the street. It had the fullest and most graphic account of the event of the day, and the best sketch of the doomed man's life and his last crime.

So superior was THE EVENING WORLD'S preparation and so swift its enterprise that the most boastful of its contemporaries, finding the contest hopeless, issued no extra. Oh, yes! We are "moving on."

#### GOING FOR THE WRECKERS.

The bill and resolution introduced in the House in relation to Pacific Railway affairs show that the investigation secured through the efforts of THE WORLD is likely to bear

Mr. ANDERSON's bill directs that suit be brought against Huntington, Stanford, GOULD, SAGE and the other wreckers of the Government's securities, with a view to recovering part of the plunder.

Mr. THOMAS'S resolution directs that all further land grants be withheld from both the companies until a final accounting can be against ultimate loss.

Better late than never.

## STILL BLUGGING

The body of the forever "knocked out' DEMPSEY had not been buried when another brutal contest-this time a genuine one-was fought on Staten Island.

In the ninth round LARKINS knocked out

What are laws, and grand juries, and policemen for, any way?

## THE OLD BOMAN'S WAY.

Although retired from active life, Judge THURMAN could not refuse an appeal to help prosecute the perpetrators of frauds in th elections. The "Old Roman" appeared yesterday as one of the counsel for citizens in the trial of the tally-sheet forgers at Columbus.

The fact that the accused are Democrats, and that their crime was committed in the interest of Democratic candidates, only served to arouse this honest old Democrat's wrath and to stimulate his zeal. He values the honor of his party more than its success.

When are the specific charges of illegal voting in this city at the late election to be investigated ?

## A MEATLESS BONE.

The fossilized Board of Regents, which Gov. Hill has very properly tried to get abolished, would afford a very suitable niche for disposing of that relic of Old Whiggery, ANANIAS DANA.

But of course the Democrats wouldn't nominate him for it if they had the ghost of chance of electing anybody.

A meatless bone is a very proper reward for the hungry dog that bit HANCOCK and yelped and frothed at OLEVELAND.

DE LEON, the infamous trafficker in innocence, unmasked and convicted through THE WORLD's efforts, will sympathize with DANIEL DOUGHERTY's plea for a muzzled press, now that his sentence has been confirmed.

Bloody shirt BILLY CHANDLES " wants to know" several things about the navy. The country would like to know what became of the \$320,000,600 spent during twenty years by the Republicans in destroying the navy.

Again the skipping cashier, the President who didn't preside and the directors who failed to direct. Next!

A Minnesota physician recommends a kerosme leutern under the robes to keep one

warm during a sleigh ride. What's the mat-TRAPPING A DESPERADO ter with a nice, jolly, red-headed "best wirl ?"

Czar Connin's ukase satisfies the corpora tion organs perfectly. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

WHAT THE WHEAT BROKERS SAY. Charlie Gale, the Cyclone, seems very proud of

Frank Williams's varicolored neckties have been n'te a prominent feature in the pit of late. It is rumored that the President is going to ap-

point Bennett missionary to India to convert the natives to his aide. Charlie Wilmot does not " beln " as much as in former times, and the boys say he has become a

nice, clean broker. Jimmie Marshall, the "wee bonnie Scotch laddie," is spending his winter vacation on board a

snowed-in train in Iowa. Jack Wiswell, as ever, is a firm friend of the farmer, and is waiting patiently to make a three-base hit on the "bears."

Archie Montgomery intends to lecture next seaon throughout the country of the "Evils of Life Insurance," according to the latest gossip on Change.

Whenever Theo. Wolff pounds the market nowadays and says "Make it a hundred," the boys say "Stop that or we'll tell your boss." He immediately withdraws. With Jim Bingham hammering in the middle of

he "pit," and George and Herbert Clearman on the sides the buils have a veritable bear clique to buck against. Since receiving his Christmas box Wallace rades more frequently at the market. No doubt

he has concluded 'Tis best to trade at any cost. For those who besitate are lost.

Louis Mills, in a recent exploring expedition iscovered a beer tunnel in the bowels of the earth. where the beverage gushes like a geyser, tender mea a served and waiters expect no tips. He boasts of

" A Brill Hunt in New York's Rotton Rose" to the title of Police Capt. Reilly's story to appear zelusively in to-morrow's Evening World. Don't milsa th

#### WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Lansingburg, N. Y., s ninety-seven years old, and is at the head of the panking-house of D. Powers & Jones, in that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is visiting friends in Madi-

Gogebic mining stock at a high figure and realized handsome profit on her investment. The richest man in Bangor, Me., and perhaps in the State, is Edward II, Blake, who is reputed to e worth \$5,000,000. He is not yet forty years o

on. Wis., her old home. She recently sold her

age and is a graduate of Bowdoin College The colored debating club at Centralia, Ill., recent y discussed the proposition: ''If my ben flies over into your yard and lays an egg, and your her hatches a chicken from it, which ben is the mother of the chicken ?"

The wife of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is handsome, dark-eyed woman, to whom the credit of much of her husband's political success is due. She is said to be the ablest feminine politi cian south of Mason and Dixon's line. A young man living in St. Albans, Vt., awoke

the other morning to find his mouth wide open and

his jaw set in such a position that he could not close it. It required the assistance of a physician to get the refractory jaw into place again. Editor Latimer, of the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independ nt, is noted throughout Georgia for his entonological enthusiam and his large collection of

imens, some of them very beautiful and rare. Three thieves attempted to break jail at Paoli. Ind., recently and had nearly succeeded in overpowering Sheriff Pierce, when his wife appeared on the scene and opened fire with a six-she causing the trio to beat a hasty retreat to their

are now 820,000 policies in this country, represent ing an aggregate insurance of \$2, 100, 000,000. During the past year more than \$400,000,000 of new insurhad with them and the Government secured ance was written, and more than \$70,000,000 disributed among policy-holders in death, endow ment and dividend payments.

> Although Brazil is noted for its birds of brilliant enauce the wearing of their feathers and will not allow them to be used on any part of her dresses he is reported to have told a lady at Cannes that, trouch as she admires the feathers of the magnifient birds of Brazil, she only likes them on their

> A well-known artist of this city tells a story which will be of interest to any one fond of pay chical investigations. He was sitting in his sleep ing chamber late at night reading a French novel. when his wife, who had retired some hours before, uddenly awoke and related a dream which she had just had. The dream was an exact counterpart even to details of the plot of the novel, which the lady had never read.

COAL IS GOING UP.

Rise in That Commedity of Frequent Oc currence in This Weather.



A Still Hunt.

Police Capt. Reilly, of the "Gitt-Edge District," has furnished for to-morrow's EVENING WORLD a story of intense interest, entitled "A Still Hunt in

From Out of Town. The Rev. E. J. Runk, of Cold Springs, N.Y., is guest of the Grand.

Charles H. Toll, a well-known citizen of Denver, is at the Fifth Avenue. John O. Day, Chairman of the State Democratic committee of Missouri, had a room at the Hoffman.

R. Ellis and W. Strathers, bankers and brokers from the Quaker City, are booked at the Bruns-wick. S. H. Rhodes and Samuel Wells, two Presidents of Boston insurance companies, are registered at the Victoria.

Gen. J. G. Farnsworth, of Albany, and S. B. Glazier, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Ratiroad are registered at the Hoffman. Forest Commissioner Theo. B. Basselin, of Crogram, N. Y., and ex-Senator C. M. Tius, of Ithacs, are smong those recently arrived at the Fifth Avenue.

It was no use for me to attempt to follow

Bells any more at present. I headed straight for the address on her note. I found a neat new building at the number indicated and

A Strange Story.

of the First Avenue Station.

PART II

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR 'THE EVENING WORLD."]

downtown, slipping from the front of the car

just as the other was passing, it and getting

hastily in without its stopping. This I man-

aged so that the car I left would be between

She was still standing on the corner, but

before I reached it she seemed to have satis-

fied herself that no one had left it soon

She started down 23d street towards the

west side, and I got off and resumed the task

of treading in her footsteps. All her move-

ments had convinced me that she was bound

omewhere where she did not wish any one

to track her. But whether her turnings and

twistings were due merely to a general sus-

picion, or because she had seen me when she

turned her first corner and looked back I

She got to Broadway and turned to the left.

I crossed to the opposite side of the street,

and when I got to Broadway looked down

Belle had simply turned the corner and stood

She saw me. As I said, I did not know

whether she knew me or not, but I thought

she did. At all events, she was as keen as a

razor, and if she had seen me at first, seeing

me now was enough. The course she took

helped to convince me that she had seen me

She quickly crossed the street to a district

nessenger office. I hardly knew what to do.

Luckily, at this moment I saw a patrol-

man named McDonough on the opposite side

of the street. He, belonged to an uptown

precinct, but we were rather friendly. I

hurried across to him. He was a young fel-

ow, with a light mustache, and boyish-

ooking. He was in his citizen's clothes.

"Mac," said I, "are you off to-day?"

"I want you to do a favor for me.

woman I am following has dropped to it. It

s the biggest kind of luck I met you. She

has gone into that district messenger office.

She is small, red-haired and has a rubber

cloak on with a tear on the left side. She i

up to some game to throw me off probably

THE GRIZZLY BUFFIAN FAINTED DEAD AWAY IN

MY ARMS.

Will you follow her and send word to my

place where she goes? Every house she stops

at, send the address to me at once at the sta-

"All right, I'll do it, though it kind of

knocks the stuffing out of my day off," he

said. He went across to a store opposite the

messenger office. I went to the office and

looked in at the window. Belle was writing

a message. She finished and looked around.

She saw me of course but gave no sign.

When she saw I was there, however, she

called a boy and gave him the message, speak

The boy came out, and I strolled after him

down I ouickened my steps and hailed him.

"No. I've got to take another," he

"Oh, a good while. 'Bout two hours."
"Where is it to?" I asked. "Perhaps

mine is in the same direction and you can

leave it. I don't want any answer, and I will

He took out the note and read the address,

It was to George Roberts, " No. - West

had recognized me, knew I was following

her and was trying to throw me off the scent

She hoped that I would think that she had

decided to send the message to the place in-

stead of going there and would trail off after

the messenger boy, leaving her free to go on

I concluded at once that the message was

bluff, that Mistress Belle was bent in an en-

tirely opposite direction from the one in

which she hoped I should go after the mes-

senger boy, and that she was greatly bent on

and my only desire now was to make Belle

think I had bitten at her bait.

One Hundred and Twentieth street.

I dropped to Belle's scheme at once.

" How long will it take you?"

He stopped.

pay you well,"

her way.

swered.

ing to him for a moment giving directions.

tion and follow her till she goes home."

"Yes," he answered. "Why?"

If she knew me it was useless to follow her.

enough after to seem to have followed her.

me and Belle

could not tell.

there watching.

OW Belle rode as far

as Twenty-third street

and then got out. She

watching the car. She

got off, I suppose. I en-

been standing on the

tered the car-I had

platform—and rode for

a square. Then I took

a car that was going

rang the bell. A girl came to the door. ' Is Mr. George Roberts in ?" I inquired. "There ain't nobody of that name living here," she answered.

" Did any one live here of that name at Police Capt. J. H. McCullagh, any time." 'No. This is a new house and the family

is the first that ever moved in." I said there was some mistake. Bet had simply picked out a number at random on a street a good way uptown to work me off. There was nothing for me now but to go back and wait to hear something from Mac. I didn't get anything till 5.30. Then a message came.

stood on the corner The woman has gone into No. ——stree East New York. She came straight here fro Twenty-third street. Mac. wished to see if any one

I knew the place. It was a man who was a friend of California Jake. I took four men with me who knew Jake, and we went straight to the place. The sleet was slanting down in a nasty way and the walking was fearful. It was no sort of a day to be out, except for business.

I told three of the men to take posts around the neighborhood and lay for Jake. I went into the house with the other officer. The man who lived there opened the door himself. He knew me.

Hello, Captain," he said. "Hello, Jim," I answered, pushing in.

I've come over to see you." " Captain, you've come over to see some body else. But you won't find him. There ain't nobody here. Come in and look. You

won't find Jake anywhere." " All right, Just to accommodate you. I'll take a look around. You come along with

I went through the house with Jim in tow. In a back room, on the second floor, Jim's wife and daughter were sitting, and-Belle Her look when she saw me was worth seeing. To think that I had tracked her after her fine scheme to lead me off was pretty hard on her feelings, and she a red-headed woman, too. The red-headed ones are pretty quick in their feelings. She said nothing, but her eyes spoke pretty loud. I looked around the room and in the

supboards. There was no Jake there. 'Smith," said I to the officer, " you just stay here with the ladies to keep them from being lonesome till I come back." Belle got up and said : "Well, I've got to

go. I don't belong here." Oh, I wouldn't go yet, if I were you, "Well, I ain't you, thank God, and I'm

goin'," she snapped back viciously, and started for the door. "Officer, just see that none of

women leave the room," I said, "while I go through the house with this man," Belle ripped out a nice expression for my benefit. It must have been a relief to her, and it didn't hurt my feelings. I went off

and searched the rest of the house with Jim.

There was nobody there. Then I locked the basement door and the back door, as well as the windows on the lower floor. Next I took Jim up to the second back and locked them all in with the officer there to keep an eye on them.

Jim, while Belle glared at me like a cat. " Oh, I'm going to stay here a little while. George Roberts may come round to tell Belle what his new address is or Jake may drop in.'

"Why, what's this for Captain ?" said

If Belle had had a shooter with her I think she would have blazed away at me, she was so mad. As it was, she "fired off her mouth for all she was worth. But a woman's tongue is like a blank cartridge—it makes a good deal of noise but doesn't wound any one very I withdrew from the family circle, leaving

them to be entertained by Belle, while I stationed myself in the hall near the door.

There I waited two hours and a half. The rain and sleet were worse than ever. It was a dismal night, and sitting in that dirty little hall in the cold was not very lively business. But I was very glad I waited. I had my reward. At 9.30 somebody came hurriedly along

through the slush and rain and turned in at Jim's. The fellow tried the basement door. Of course it was locked. He came hurriedly to the front door and rang the beli a quick atroke

At the same moment I heard Belle's voice cry out as loud as she could. "Stay out! The 'cop 'is here.'

But my men outside had begun to close in on Jake, and he may have seen them and for that reason hastened to get under cover At all events I opened the door at once and stood behind it as he plunged in, closing it and slipping the bolt in a second.

Good evening, Jake," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. " I've been waiting for

The big grizzly, cross-eyed ruffian turned round like a flash, saw me and fainted dead up the street. When I had got a little way away in my arms! I held him up and, opening the door,

whistled. The men outside came in. We "Can you take a message for me now?" took the big fellow into the parlor, laid him on the lounge, tried the water-cure on him by dashing a tumblerful in his face, and he came to.

He had the bracelets on him and I took him to the station-house. He gave me his version of the murder, claiming that it was in selfdefense. At his trial he got off with four

Such was the capture of California Jake It was an odd thing to have the big chap, covered with sleet, rush in and faint away in my arms like a girl. Belle wouldn't have weakened like that, I'll wager.

## THEY ALL READ THE STORIES.

Policeman Matthias Bruen, of West One Hunredth street, is making a scrap-book of THE EVEN-ING WORLD'S stories written by police captains.

Policeman J. J. Dowling, Twentieth street-the boys have become stuck on THE EVENING WORLD since its production of the police captains' stories. Sergt. Patrick Walsh, of West One Hundredth street-I spend all my spare time reading THE EVENING WORLD'S stories by the captains of the

ring continuously. He ran through the big marble structure and traced the alarm to the City Pay-master's rooms over 22 Reade street. A careful search revealed no cause for the alarm going off, and it was attributed to the cold snap.

## WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

RETAIL DEALERS HAVE TO RAISE ON SUGAR TO KEEP EVEN.

The Coal Barons and Sugar Kings Could Learn a Few Things by Talking With Merchants Who Sell Coal by the Pail and Sugar by the Half Pound-Small Stores Barely Making Expenses.

THE EVENING WORLD'S talks with retail merchants show that the prices of sugar and coal and other necessities have cut the store profits down very low.

Henry Sopp, who was a piano-maker, and who makes wooden pipes, saved up money and put it into a little grocery store, four years ago, at 240 East Forty-first street. His store is one of five which stand in that street between Second and Third avenues. "Business isn't so good as it used to be," said he, but I can't compiain much. I make my living. Prices go up all the time. Sugar has en raised, potatoes have gone up and are still going, and coal is getting higher." Mr. Sopp sells coal by the pail or half pail, at ten cents or five, and kindling wood at five cents a basket.

At Gottlieb Dochterman's place, 226 East Forty-first street, business, it seemed, must be good, for a woman customer got her market-basket filled with bread, soda crackers, salt, rice and several other small supplies, just as the reporter entered, and a tall man had a quarter-pound package of cheese opened that he might get a half-pound instead. Yet the proprietor said that trade was not brisk. He sells a ton of coal in a week by the pailful. One hundred bunches of kindling wood, selling for two cents each, lasts him two weeks.

" People want to buy things cheaper than we can get them at wholesale," said Mrs. Dochterman. Her husband said: "Business is played out, and I'd sooner go back to work again." Mr. Dochterman is a blackwork again." Mr. Dochterman is a black-smith and has been trying the grocery trade for a change. When Jacob Fippinger came into business

at 222 East Forty-first street eighteen years ago he had it all to himself. Now he savs:
"Business couldn't be very brisk, any way, because there are too many stores." A woman in a red worsted hood bought a half loaf of bread and a small dab of butter, the latter weighing a quarter of a pound and cost-ing nine cents. "Butter," said Mr. Fip-pinger, "ranges from 25 to 37 cents a pound,

but we can't touch the highest price."

H. Steineman keeps stationery, toys and eigars on one side of his store, at 220 East Forty-first street, and coal and wood on the other side. Mrs. Steineman, plump, brown-eyed and complacent, assured the reporter that trade was going on all the time, and that she sold a ton of coal a week. Several fair-haired, noisy children romped over the piles naired, noisy children romped over the piles of kindling wood and the coal bins, and, ob-serving the reporter smiling at them, Mrs. Steineman smiled, too, "Two of them are mine," said she, " and they bring six in to play."

play."

In this little store coal goes by the pail, scuttle or bushel (rarely) at 10, 15, 18, 20 or 30 cents. Schweider & Meil are the young and enter-

Schweider & Meil are the young and enterprising proprietors at 209 East Forty-first street and 348 East Forty-third street. Business is rather picking up," said they, and they declared that a fair amount of trade and cash drifted in upon them.

At Julius Busch's grocery store, well filled with goods, at 200 East Forty-second street, a pretty little girl, who said that she was not there all the time, ventured the assertion that business was pretty fair. Here were the usual supplies of coal at 10 cents per pail and kindling wood at three cents.

Michael Gallagher keeps a neat but not heavy stock of groceries at 212 East Forty-second street. "I could do a little more business," said he, "but it is better now than being idle. We are paving expenses and that's doing pretty well. We don't lose anything.

anything.
"I think a good deal of The Evening
World," Mr.Gallagher continued, "because it is a conscientious, honest paper and seems to be the poor man's friend. It takes a manly stand against offensive persons." D. E. Le Blanc, at 228 East Forty-second

street, took a very brisk and business-like view of affairs. "Of course," said he, "we find trade a little slow. The greatest trouble is to keep people from getting trusted too much. They buy chiefly, now, the neces-saries of life, and we don't sell so many fancy greening and convent fruits as we need groceries and canned fruits as we used still there is a fair trade, and, leaving out those fancy things, business is as good as ever. The profit is greatly affected, though, by the rise in prices. Kindling wood has risen on us 20 cents per hundred bunches in a week, but we haven't raised on our custom-

C. F. Timmerman, at his market, 234 East C. F. Timmerman, at his market, 234 East Forty-second street, said: "Business! I tell you what! There's nothing to brag of. To the best of my opinion the people have got no money. Where they used to buy ten or twelve pounds of roast they buy steak now." Mrs. Margaret Downey, who keeps a clean little grocery store at 10 Washington street, said: 'Trade is very slow. I get 10 cents a pail for coal, but there's not much in it. The people around here are poor, and I have often to trust. I don't sell much more than two tons a week."

two tons a week."

In answer to the reporter's question as to whether she ever spent any time enjoying herself Mrs. Downey said: "Indeed, I don't. If I have a good comfortable bed to sleep in and enough to eat I am content. I have never been to Coney Island. I don't know where Fifth avenue is. The girls might go to those places, but the Battery is plenty good enough for me in the summer."

A well-appointed grocery belongs to F. Hoppe, at 12 Beach street. Mr. Hoppe said: "Trade if good enough, but there is not much money among the people. Coal and sugar are both higher than they were last year. I get for coal nine cents a pail and

year. I get for cost nine cents a pail and make a fair profit. I have been selling granu-lated sugar for eight cents a pound. I will have to charge nine cents for it right away because of the raise in price from the wholesale dealers.

sale dealers."

"Now you are going to have a good chin, I suppose," said a customer jokingly to D. Struve, grocer at 124½ West Broadway, when an Evening World reporter greeted him, Mr. Struve said: "Business is not good. The price of sugar has been raised, and I he price of sugar has been raised, and I have the price of sugar has been raised. Mr. Struve said: "Business is not good. The price of sugar has been raised, and I don't get any more for it. Sometimes I think that the people all move away from here or that they don't eat at all. I hear other

that they don't eat at all. I hear other grocers say the same thing, though."

"You seem to do a lively business for all that," said the reporter.

"This is the business part of the day," returned Mr. Struve, "It is just about noon, and you see that is the time when the people around here buy."

Passing an Abandoned Baby Along. treet bobtail car at Broadway and Reade street las evening, and when well down Madison street made a hasty exit, leaving a basket benind them made a hasty exit, leaving a basket benind them. The driver found neathed inside the basket, sparsely covered with thin garments, a bright little two-months' male child, blue with cold. He gavet to a patrolman who passed it to the policeman of an adjoining post, and after considerable dreumlocution the half-frozen bate reached Matron Webo at Police licadquarters, where it is being provided for.

Sergeants Object to the Helmets. nounce them as both inelegant and uncomfortable. The sergeants think it is a hardship to be compelled to pay S. A. French & Ca., the contractors. \$8.50 out of their \$1,600 salaries for the same kind worn by the \$2,750 captains. The Commissioners have decided to order from the contractor \$20 additional hats at an aggregate cost of \$2,000, and the officers must buy and wear them.

#### CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS. Prosperous West-Side Parish Under the

Charge of the Rev. J. Larkin. The site of the present Church of the Holy

Innocents, in Thirty-seventh street, just north of Broadway. was purchased by the Rev. J. Larkin in 1866, Archbishop McCloskey having in that year decided to create a new parish in that part of the city. Upon

it stood a small frame

structure which had been occupied by a THE REV. J. LARRIN. Protestant Episcopal ongregation. The cost of this and several adjacent lots, which Father Larkin purchased

at the same time, was about \$130,000.

For some time services were held in the old building, but in June, 1869, the corner-stone of the new building was laid, and in February, 1870, it was completed and formally dedicated by the Right Rev. William Starrs, then Vicer General

cated by the Right Roy. William Starrs, then Vicar-General.

The new edifice was at that time one of the largest and handsomest of its kind in the city. It is Gothic in style, and has a frontage of 70 feet on Thirty-seventh street and a depth of 130 feet. Its front is of Belleville stone, trimmed with lighter Ohio sandstone. Above the façade is a handsome window of stained glass, representing St. Cecelia, and in the niche above a statue of Our Lord, wrought by a well-known Milan sculptor. Two rows of exquisitely carved pillars within support the roof and galleries. The altar is of white marble, and the altar-piece a painting by Brumidi, representing the crucifixion.

The cost of the buildings, including sites for the church and schools, was \$306,000.

The cost of the buildings, including sites for the church and schools, was \$305,000.

During the past year the interior of the church has been redecorated, the walls and ceiling having been repainted and frescoed. The ceiling has been ornamented with a double row of handsomely executed panels representing different saints. In addition to representing different saints. In addition to this the stonework of the entire front of the church has been rechiselled, the result being that the whole building has been renovated, and within and without it has the appearance of a new structure. The cost of these later improvements was about \$8,000.

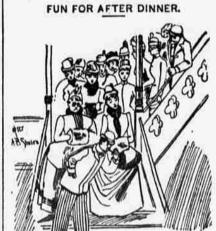
of a new structure. The cost of these later improvements was about \$8,000.

Father Larkin has been very active in the improvement of the educational facilities of his parish, and the schools, which are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity and eight lay teachers, have a regular daily attendance of over one thousand pupils. The church has an attendance of 5,000, and five masses are celebrated every Sunday to enable each member of the parish to attend.

Among the societies connected with the church are the Building Association, which has accomplished much in liquidating the debt of the church, temperance societies for both men and women, a Library Association, an Altar Society, the Society of the Sacred Heart and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Father Larkin, who has been the pastor of the church since its foundation, is still hale and hearty and as active as ever in his work among his parishioners. He was born in County Galway, Ireland, was educated at Maynooth College, and came to this country Maynooth College, and came to this country in 1848. He was ordained by Archbishop Eccleston at Baltimore, and from 1849 till 1861 he was engaged in active missionary work in the West, where he was instrumental

work in the West, where he was instrumental in founding many churches and was an earnest and zealous servant of the Church. In 1861 he came to New York, and was assistant in St. Stephen's Parish until he took charge of that of the Holy Innocents in 1866. His present assistants are the Rev. M. J. Dougherty, the Rev. J. T. Down and the Rev. W. P. Kenny.



Horatius Holds the Bridge.

[From Texas S(ttings.] Seene: An elevated railway station. She-Oh, dear, what a frightful crush shead! Has anybody fainted? He—Oh, no; wait a minute—we're just holding on Hill that little dude on the stairs lights his cigarette.

Fatal Errors. [From the Omaha World.] Successful Merchant-I have no further need of our services, sir. New Clerk-En! What's happened?

"You, have been here but one day and have already cost me two good customers."
"My gracious! In what way?"
"You addressed Miss Skinandbones, that old maid heiress, as "Mrs.," and you called Mrs. Sweet-sixteen, who was married last week, "Miss."

How It Happened.

From the Chicago Mail.1

"Did you make enough money on your stock

leal. John, to buy the sort of carriage you promsed? I suppose you did, though," she added confidently; ''you said you put in your money at the bottom of the market."
''So I did, my dear, so I did; but the bottom itself dropped out."

Antagonizing Woman's Rights (From the Macon Telegraph. )

They have sent a young lady of Cleveland, O., to an insane asylum because she went into a barber shop and asked to be shaved. This cold-blooded attempt to repress the female desire for a mustache will be condemned by believers in woman's rights.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
Does gold grow? is the question now agitating the minds of the Western editors. Well, speaking as one who has had experience in such matters, we should say it most certainly does grow—less.

The Wickedest State. (From the Binghamton Republican.)
A San Francisco paper thinks California is the vickedest State in the Union. This is important only in that it gives a common landsman a chance to manufacture a naughty-Cal. joke.

Taking the Log. [From the Binghamton Republican.]
With millions of gigantic tree-trunks tossed about on the fretted bosom of the Atlantic, how easy it must be for a vessel to take the log.

Works the Other Way.
[Prom the Richmond Dispatch.]
"Lynching doesn't put down criminals in The Dakota Man Remarks.

(From the Chicago Mail.)
"The blizzard came down like a wolf on the fold,
And it nowled and it roared, and some thought it

And back-capped our climate, and said it was Said our sephyrs were deadly, our snow but a But 'twas just ' bracing weather '-not harmful at all. There's no climate like ours, it's so pure and so dry.

And the talk of its coldness is all in your eye.

It's a little brisk, may be, at times, but it's fine.

For real comfort Daxots—Yes, sugar in mine."

## THE HUMANE WAY THE BEST.

MANY MEN IN FAVOR OF THE PROPOSED ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

dr. Gerry Thinks that Hanging is a Poor Method on Account of Its Uncertainty-Others Want the Electrical Method Introduced Out of Pity for the Criminal-The Patuless Way Generally Approved.

The proposition to use a powerful electric current instead of the gallows in the execution of condemned criminals has attracted much attention in this city since Daniel Driscoll, the Whyo chief, was hanged at the

Fombs yesterday morning. The publication in THE EVENING WORLD vesterday of an article, with illustrations, describing the method of electrical execution, showed how the death penalty could be

inflicted instantly and painlessly.
Senator Coggeshall's bill providing for electrical executions was also widely com

THE EVENING WORLD to-day obtained the

opinions of a number of people on the sub-ject of capital punishment and the execution of Driscoll. Some of them are as follows; Eibridge T. Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cracity to Children-The execution of the law was most perfectly done. If this method of indicting death on criminals could always be done as well I would have no objection to hanging. But where death is caused by soffocation and not by breaking the neck, hanging is a poor method. It is the ever present uncertainty that commends other methods than this for executions.

City Judge Ehrlica—I think that the killing of convicted murderers by electricity would be more humane. The gallows is often revolting and barbarous. Eibridge T. Gerry, President of the Society or the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

barous.

Tresident Forster, of the Board of Aldermen—Tresident Forster, of the Board of Aldermen—The subject is attracting a great deal of attention and agitation. Commodore Gerry is very zealous in advocating death by an electric shock. His views are childed to much consideration.

Alderman Diver—Why not allow the murderer to have his choice of death—by hanging or by electricity?

to have his choice of death—by hanging or by electricity?
Alderman Joseph Murray—if death by electricity is more painless than death by hanging, death by electricity should be adopted. However, there are a great many people who are opposed to capital punish ment in any form.

Keeper Keese, of the City Hal!—Electricity might be tried. But I tell you what ought to be stopped—this making a hero out of a murderer.

Police Capt. Smith, police boat Patrol—I hope this Driscoil hanging will be the end of this character of executions. It is brutal, uncivilized and harrowing. El ctricity ought to be used.

Sergt. Wells, police boat Patrol—I quite agree with the captain.

with the captain.

Sergt. Heepe, Church street station—I like the old way. It strikes terror to the blackguards. It think it might be more private and less time given in tall.

with the captain

old way. It strikes terror to the blackguards. I think it might be more private and less time given in jail.

Sergt. Hurliby, Leonard street station—There ought to be a change. I am in favor of anything that will better the old way.

William Steinway, the plano manufacturer—I believe in capital punishment, but at the same time I think that the most humane method should be used. If, therefore, killing by electricity is the most humane, I am certainly in favor of it.

Manager J. M. Hill, of the Union Square Theatre—Although I am not quite decided in my mind whether I favor capital punishment or not. I do say that the criminals should be despatched in the most humane way, and I think to that end that the barbarous custom of hanging should be done away with and k liling by electricity introduced. By the way, I see that The Evening World displayed its usual enterprise yester lay in being first with the news of Driscoll's hanging. The Evening World sahead in enterprise and originality.

Edwin H. Low, of Lows' Exchange, 947 Broadway—I favor the execution of criminals by the electric method, and I am certainly in favor of capital punishment. I see that The Evening World hand best account of the langing. I read the morning and Evening World every day.

Major Henry Wynne, the well-known civil engineer, of London—I have studied the various methods of executing criminals, and I think that the report made by your Commission the other day is a most thorough one killing by electricity is by far the best method. Although not long in this country, it has not taken me a great while to find out which is the best and most enterprising paper, and that is the Evening World. Its marvellous work yesterday is to be highly commended.

Sheriff Graut—I would not like to give an opinion. The onestion is a delicate one as far a the

highly commended.

Sheriff Grant—I would not like to give an opinion.

Ingaly commended.

Sheriff Graut—I would not like to give an opinion. The question is a delicate one as far as the Sheriff is concerned.

Depaty Sheriff Lynch—I have witnessed a number of executions, and in a majority of them death was by strangulation. I have seen the victims almost double themselves up in their death straggle. If death by electricity is instantaneous and painless it would be a numane improvement on the rope and the drop. Charles Jones, at the Continental Hotel—It was simply remarkable. I took out more copies than usual and they sold like hot cakes.

S. J. Southwell, in the Everett House—There was a big demand for Evening Wornds vesterday and my customers all praised its enterprise.

Peter Harding, corner of Fourth avenue and Thirteenth street—I took twenty Evening Wornds yesterday, which is more than usual for me. I had them all sold out in an hour and could have sold as many more. My customers spoke of the full account of the execution and how The Evening World for there's area.

spoke of the full account of the execution and hor THE EVENING WORLD 'got there' again."

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

A Comparison:

602,391

16,970

9,921

7,049

Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887..... Total number in Herald...

438,476 Excess of World over Herald . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 168,915 Number of columns of "Advts." in World dur-ing 1887.....

Number of columns in Herald..... Excess of World over Herald . . . . . . . . .

# ANSWERS!

What One "Want" Adv't Did-An Unsolicited Testimonial. MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1887.

Dr.a. St. Port. Procedure of the Control of the Control of St. Out of St. Ou

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD," Man with Property to Sell Relates His

Advertising Experience.

To the Editor of The World: On the 6th of December I sent two letters-one to THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alike, with three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily \$5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, pubchange. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and kept the \$5. I got from This Workto advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with This Wonld and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken This Workto three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one,

Yours respectfully,

Residence Park, New Hochelle, N. Y., Jan. 5.

Still Another. J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1888.

DEAR Sig: Wishing to obtain a shorthand and type writer we placed an advertisement in the levald of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received

streplies; in The World of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 115 replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. & R. Lann.

getting to her destination herself without being followed. Policeman "Billy "O'Neill, Twentieth streetwas cold; And the sheen of its frost was apparent with ease, While minus went mercury forty degrees. Then the tenderfoots murmured, were sullen and Walter A. Wood, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., and Geo. M. Scott, from Utah, are recent arrivals at the Brunswick. I only hoped that my plans would not be as I read the stories with great satisfaction, and await the coming of THE EVENING [WORLD every easily seen through by her as hers were by night. It is a daisy. The line officers of the Police Department do not Gen. and Mrs. J. B. Wallace, of Connecticut and Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, of Montreat, are a me. I told the boy that my message was for take kindly to the new helmets with large ventilaan entirely different direction and to go ors on top as a sort of pompon, and secretly de Alarm in the City Paymester's Office ahead. He went down Twenty-third street towards the L station and I followed him. I he heard a burgiar alarm in the Stewart Building knew McDonough would "toil" the woman,